The Mansions.

BY GEORGE CLUM.

How beautiful and grand are the words that Jesus spake when on earth with His disciples, In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am you may be also. These words were spoken over eighteen hundred years ago, yet they have not lost any of their sweetness. They are as beautiful to the child of God today as ever. What a glorious thought it is to the poor traveler in this world of sin and sorrow, that when we are tossed to and fro, to know that we have a mansion in heaven prepared for all them that love His appearing. The Saviour knew when He was here in the flesh, the trials and discouragements the children of this world had to contend with, therefore He knew the necessity of strengthening them. What a comfort to the soul to have a home above! In this world we have a place we call home, surrounded with every comfort, the smiles and sunshine of a happy family. All this is very pleasant and joyful, but this is only a vapor compared with heaven and its joys. So let us strive to enter in through the strait gate into the city. Let us endeavor to do all the good we can. Many are the souls famishing for the bread of Life. Then do not let us be idle. The command is, 'go work in my vineyard.' If we cannot preach like Paul, and can say that Christ died for sinful man, truly the harvest is great and the laborers are few.

Brethren let us be more earnest in the Master's cause, and in saving souls. May the Lord bless all the Brethren every where.

Campbell, Michigan.

A Speedy Answer.

'And it came to pass that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear,' Isa. lxv. 24.

Willie Blank was a child of a Christian home. His father had recently died, and as an elder brother was preparing for service as a foreign missionary, the widowed mother found it necessary to take Willie—now in his fifteenth year—from school, that he might assist on the farm. This was entirely distasteful to the boy and, chafing under the restraints of home, and longing to learn something of the great world, he readily listened to the suggestions of an evil companion, and determined to run away.

Taking a few valuables, and deliberately turning his back on all the rest and loving care and comfort that a Christian home implies, he soon found himself in the city of New York, with the companion to whose banefulinfluence he had yielded. The day and night that followed were very confused and indistinct in his recollection, but the next day found him recovering from the effects of drink that had probably been drugged. Robbed, deserted, famishing for food, and wandering aimlessly and hopelessly in the streets of the great city he had seen enough of the world, and now had but one desire—to reach his mother.

That dull, cheerless November afternoon, a Christian woman in a beautiful home in upper New York was seized with a strange restlessness. She would, she thought, busy herself with some work, but found herself indisposed for it. She would engaged in writing, but she could not fix her mind upon it. At last she determined to take a walk, so, preparing for the rain that threatened, she sallied forth. She had passed along several squares when her attention was attracted by the seeming resemblance of a boy who was approaching her, to a brother who had died some years previously. Size, looks, age all reminded her of the dead. As they met she saw that he was in deep trouble, and the peculiar circumstances so impressed her that she turned back and, overtaking him, began to question him concerning his grief. Slowly, but at last frankly, his sad story was drawn forth, arrangements were soon made to provide for him over night, and to send him home in the morning; a telegram was sent to his friends that the lost was found, and a promise obtained from him that when he should once more find the shelter of that Christian home he would give his heart to his mother's Savior.

But how were they faring in that quiet home? When Willie's flight was discovered immediate inquiry was made in every place where it seemed probable he might be. Special search was made through the capital city of their own state, but no trace could be found of the fugitive. A day, a night, a second day had passed, and now another night was nearing. Every resource seemed exhausted, every effort unavailing. On the afternoon of the scene we have been describing in New York, Willie's mother, an elder brother, and an only sister were gathered in that home on which so deep a shadow was resting. The son said,

'Mother, we have done all we can outside, and another night is at hand, let us again call on our Heavenly Father.' At half-past four in the afternoon, they bowed together in agony of soul before the throne of grace and prayed as perhaps they never prayed before. Six o'clock found them still upon their knees, and at *that very hour* the subject of their prayers was found by a total stranger in the streets of New York—seventy miles away, his story learned, and arrangements made for his return to those who were praying for him.

A little past six the son arose from his knees saying, 'Mother, let us now leave it in our Father's hands and be of good courage. *God has heard our cries.*' At seven o'clock the telegram was received, bringing the welcome tidings that their prayers were answered, and they sat down with thankful hearts to their evening repast, the first they had taken since their boy had left them.

Such incidents as the foregoing are apt to be regarded as so remote in time or locality as to seem unreal, and hence not conveying to the heart the present assurance we so often long for. This incident occurred in November of the year of grace 1888. The lady, then in New York, who was moved to take that walk on that forbidding afternoon is a member of the church of which the writer is pastor. Willie's home is but a few miles from where this story is being penned; many of the facts are gathered from a letter from Willie's mother which lies before me; and best of all, the letter brings the good news that Willie kept his promise, and gave his heart to the Lord, and is now rejoicing not only in the comforts of his home—appreciated now as never before—but also in the preciousness of a Saviour's love; and so the anxieties and prayers of long years are met and answered.

To God's ancient people He declared himself to be 'the faithful God.' Deut. vii. 9. He also said, 'I change not.' Mal. iii. 6. Let us believe his words, and find the rest our souls are needing.—W. F. Smith.

Singing in the Family.

'What are you going to do with your Hymnal?' asked a friend of the compiler of *Songs of Pilgrimage.*

'I am going to take some of the books home, and *sing*, and have family prayers,' was the reply; 'and if any one else wishes to do the same, they can have the privilege.'

Persons can not always please themselves in the matter of singing in a public congregation. In the first place they are not always allowed to have the books which they prefer, they must use the book issued by their own particular sect or party, whether it is the best or not. Again, the majority of a congregation may choose a book where sense is sacrificed to sound, and truth to melody; and the music of which may excite the passions rather than melt and move the heart.

Besides, the worshipers do not always enjoy the privilege of selecting the hymns which they may prefer. Sometimes others make the selections, and hand the minister the hymns and tunes which are to be sung; and if the range of selection is narrow, the hymns may at times be singularly inappropriate. One morning a minister found the choir had selected for morning service,

'Savior, breathe an evening blessing;'

And in another case one of the hymns selected for Sunday morning had in it the words,

'I lay my body down to sleep.'

In another case the morning hymn was,

'Abide with us, fast falls the even-tide.'

Twice within a few weeks the writer has had hymns selected for him which were written 'for the *laping of a corner-stone*' of a church, and were entirely inappropriate for the occasion on which they were used.

In the home we can do better, for there the family can select their own hymns and tunes, and worship God acceptably in 'the church that is in their house.' There, also, the members of the family may learn many excellent hymns and tunes, which will prove a blessing, and perhaps save the young from many ills which may otherwise befall them.

We should be glad to know that good psalms and hymns were being used every morning in the families of the saints. And if Christians will see that the orderly worship of God is kept up by praise, prayer, and the reading of the word in their homes, we may then hope to see godly children, living churches, virtuous communities and stable government.—The Christian.

'The Chunky Man Who Means Business.'

When General Sheridan made his visit to the Apaches, they hit upon a name by which to designate him. He was 'the chunky man who means business.'

There are so many men that do *not* seem to 'mean business,' that it is refreshing to find one that does. Especially in the Church of Christ there are so many who seem to be playing at religion, and trifling with important interests, that the earnest and devoted Christian longs for men who mean business. The time for trifling will not be very long. A little while and we shall all be gone, and the thousand trifles which engage the attention of the world's toys, the wealth, the pomp, the empty glamour of a world that passeth away? Monarchs shall lay aside their crowns, Kings shall come down from their thrones, the conquerors and the conquered, the oppressors and the oppressed, the great and small, all must meet the final ordeal and face the eternal Judge. How empty then will be all the delights which men have tasted, and all the joys which men have pursued.

There is earnest business for us in this world, to serve our Master, to testify for our Saviour, to lift up the voice of warning in the ears of the careless and the profane; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord; to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, and so serve our generation by the will of God, that at last we shall be found of him in peace without spot and blameless.

'Be my one great business here
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure.
Then utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.'

—The Common People.

The sayings of many great men would fill volumes. Their doings could be written on a postal-card.

Concentrate all your energies for good, scatter all your bad desires, and life's harvest will fill your granary with wealth.

You may set it down as a truth, which admits of few exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your praise.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Every first-rate man of business can create a first-rate business. By such a man obstacles of time, situation, poverty, and competition can be overcome.

Do not preach politeness and propriety to children and violate their laws yourself. In other words, let the example you set them be a good one.

In daily life what distinguishes the master is the using of those materials he has, instead of looking about for what are more renowned, what others have used well.

One of the good results of putting a good book into a family is that it will be likely to create a demand for another of like quality. The appetite for good reading, like the pleasure of it, never satiates.—Nashville Advocate.

John Wesley, referring to his mother's death, says, 'We stood around her bed and fulfilled her last request, uttered before she lost her speech: "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God."' The hymn which they sung was one composed by Charles Wesley.